Hippy World—in the Rainbow

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SAN FRANCISCO — Freewheelin' Frank, secretary of the San Francisco chapter of the Hell's Angels of California, sat in his pad in Haight-Ashbury sipping a soft drink and listening to Brahms on his phonograph.

There was a knock at his door and he pulled the curtain aside and looked out. He saw a beefy individual in a black raincoat standing there looking for all the world like The Man, which in Frank's vernacular means the law.

So Frank walked past his fireplace and his Nazi flag over to the drawer where he keeps his gun. Then he yelled for his visitor to come in.

And I came in.

I had come to visit Frank because the Hippies of Haight-Ashbury told me proudly that they had turned the Hell's Angels on. "The Angels are on a love trip," was the way they put it. "They are part of the scene."

So I made a date to meet Frank and Pete, the chapter president, and Hairy Hank and Chocolate George to ask them very politely if they were turned on.

Freewheelin' Frank is the acid head of the Angels which means he has taken more LSD than any

Pete, the chapter president spoke up.

"I believe in what the Hippies are doing," he said. "But I don't dig this political trip they are on. Too many of them are anti-Vietnam. You should support your government."

"The tensions of this world are very great," said Freewheelin' Frank. "This weekend the Angels are going to go up into the mountains. Everything is too tense. Last weekend we tore up a bar something awful."

I walked with the band of Angels out of Frank's pad to the sidewalk where the motorcycles had been parked. Now Angel motorcycles look like any other motorcycles and so we found a policeman writing citations and sticking them under the hand brakes.

An Angelic voice fell upon his ear—it was Hairy Hank. "Why don't you write a (censored) citation for your own (censored) bike, you (censored) cop?" Hank said. The policeman went away.

And I decided that the Hell's Angels are not sold on the love trip.

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It was time to say goodby to the Hippy World and one way to do it is aboard the Gray Line coach. Every day tourists board sight-seeing buses at Union Square and set off for a ride around San Francisco.

Hell's Angels mak
the Scene on Haight S
with their roaring motor
cycles without distract
ing the crowd of Hippies

Freewheelin' Frank
calls this creation his
television set. He keeps
a lamp shade over it if
visitors aren't around.

taken more LSD than any other Angel. By day Frank works in a pathology laboratory running blood samples. By night and on weekends he rides his bike. I asked him if the Angels and the Hippies were getting along well together.

"The sky and the sea appear to run together when one gazes at the horizon," Frank said. "There is a rainbow right in the middle of black and white which most cannot see. We and the Hippies are in that rainbow. Please write all this down."

I wrote it down. Then

cisco.

The tourists come with their loud shirts and sunglasses, their cameras and guidebooks, straining to see all that can be seen on a $4.50 ride and snapping pictures that they will take home and show off until the prints are dog-eared.

They want to see Fisherman's Wharf—they want to see Chinatown. And lately they have wanted to see Hippies.

JACK COHEN, president of Gray Lines, started sending his buses to Haight-Ashbury a couple of weeks ago. "These tours

One of a series.

will allow the Hippies to see what the outside world is like," he quipped. The Hippies didn't think it was funny.

As a matter of fact, even now, while the bus is pulling away from Union Square, a Hippy is waiting for it on Haight St. He is clutching a large, flat object. Let us wait and see what it is and what he does with it. . . .

As I ride, I think about the Hippies.

"Love is the trip," the Hippies had told me. "In the straight world nobody loves anybody. People feed their guts on hate."

(And all week the San Francisco papers have run streamer headlines about Aaron Mitchell, cop-killer who was gassed to death in San Quentin for his crime:

(HOW THE KILLER DIED!
(KILLER SLASHES SELF!

(UPROAR ON EXECUTION!)

"You see beauty in a flower, man," the Hippies had said. "And you see sex as pure. You don't look for cheap thrills. You don't want color television."

(And at the Off-Broadway on Kearny St., a bevy of topless dancers vibrated on the tables while the straight world drooled — sorry, no cameras allowed).

The Hippies had said a lot of things that were true. Things that are in the Bible. Things that started back in the original days of beards and sandals.

But the Hippies feed their love with drugs. And for them there is no tomorrow. And maybe that alone is enough to make the life they live a massive self-deception and their love trip a one-way ride to despair.

Because tomorrow will come for Carol from Rocky River who will not turn on by candlelight forever.

It may come suddenly this summer if a wave of runaway juveniles washes away the Haight-Ashbury Scene and enraged parents clamor for the Scene to be shut down and erased.

Or it may come in 20 years when Carol from Rocky River worries and worries about the possibility that life is more than something you can put in a hash pipe and smoke.

Or, her tomorrow may come when she learns that youth alone does not carry with it ALL wisdom. Or when she learns that life without rules can mean no life at all.

Who knows?

But do not doubt that, as of today, Carol thinks that hers is the good life.

That thousands of your people all over the country will accept it and join in. That she and her neighbors in Haight-Ashbury have the ability to turn on the world.

Because she does think so.

And she appears to be happy—as of today—with her life in the Hippy World. The world on which she has turned her back is the world of Rocky River, the world of her parents.

And the world of the tourists on this Gray Line bus who are beginning to gape now because here is the Haight-Ashbury corner.

THE HIPPY who has been crouching by the curb is running now. The flat object in his hands is a mirror.

He runs alongside the moving bus and sneers at the faces staring down at him and holds his mirror up to the windows so that the tourists see only their own startled faces reflected in it.

He keeps running until he tires and the bus outdistances him.

The driver swings off Haight St. and the Gray Line coach carries us away from the drugged, dream world of Haight-Ashbury.

NEXT: Cleveland's Hippy Land.